

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER

NOW BI-MONTHLY

John Rozum
Mark Texeira

Ron Wolfe
John Van Fleet

Doug Murray
Dwayne McDuffie
Gray Morrow

Larry Wachowski
Joe Battee



Homicuning
John Remm
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**Devil's Brigade Part Two:
Haven on Hell Street**

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Losing Himself in the Part

Doug Murray
plot
Dwayne McDuffie
script
Guy Marrow
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Tom Vincent
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**Devil's Brigade Part Three:
Inside the Langer**

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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™ - Book 3

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FOREWORD

We were halfway through the lot that night, me and Jonathan Fishman, halfway across a short cut to it-really-doesn't-matter-where when we lost sight of civilization.

It was only a few hundred feet from where we stood, on every side of the lot — houses, people. But in the lot, we had forgotten. Pushing past tangled bramble, weaving through a maze of blasted rock and trash, we let a gleeful id toy with us. Watched helpless as conversation turned from the rational ("See that tank top Babs Degrogotti was wearin'?" to the irrational ("Was that a . . . dog?" "Yeah. Cerebus.") It was really only over minutes — primeval selves reawakened by the knowing embrace of that pure, rick dark — that we went from college freshmen to capering cave men. Idle talk of lions and tigers and bears — and undead and monsters and Lovecraftian tentacled things — went from a way to pass the time to an unnerving "What if . . .?" Finally from behind, the crack of a stick-breaking, magnified a thousand times into a Satanic starter's pistol sending us running for the flickering safety of the streetlight too far ahead.

We ran, scared animals, grunts of fear escaping from between clenched teeth, fleeing the fiend we knew came for us. The surface of that hideous lot clung to our soles, trying to slow us just long enough for the horror to grab hold.

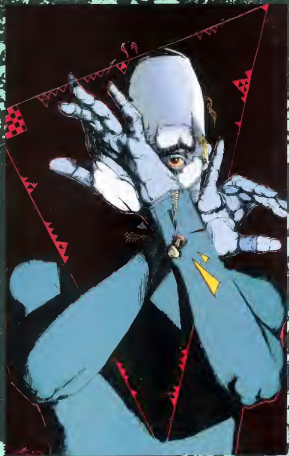
Under the best of circumstances, all terror needs to take hold is for the irrational to be made to seem rational. We can do it to ourselves, or in the case of the comic you hold, sit back and watch the blood fly as others do it for us — and to us. Our irrational rationalists: artist Mark Texeira takes time off from Ghost Rider, teaming with writer John Rozum to stage a "Homecoming," — familial love gone to Hell — and then come back; writers Doug Murray and Dwayne McDuffie lay out an infernal casting couch in "Losing Herself In The Part," featuring the art talents of Gray Morrow; and The Devil's Brigade continues with two tales, with Larry Wachowski and Joe Barruso taking us "Inside The Lager" for real world apartheid horrors and in "The Haven On Hell Street" a ripping-good yarn (pun intended) by Ron Wolfe and John Van Fleet (currently at work on *Primal*, a new Barker-related bestiary coming from Dark Horse).

And the aftermath of that night-of-the-mad-dash? Well, the lot was cleared, a complex of condos erected on the site; appropriately enough, they are collectively known as "Poltergeist Village." Myself, I'm right here.

And Jonathan? It's been years since we've seen each other, but from where I stood under the flickering streetlight, looking back into the endless night of that lot . . .

. . . I'd say he was dinner.

Daniel Chichester
consulting editor



THE TALE IS NOT RECALLED
A NEW OPENING—
AND THE CHANCE OF
ESCAPING FROM HELL'S
DARK PASSAGES—

NOTHING
OF GOD...

...AND A CATHOLIC
AS WELL. LEVIATHAN WILL BE
PLEASED. THOSELINE HAS
ALREADY BEEN INJECTED
INTO YOUR PERSON.

...BUT ONE CHANCE
ONLY! NOT FOR THE
TUBS! ONE PRIDE
OF HEART...

FFFFFWHOMP

BUT FOR THOSE
MIDDLE-CLASS MARRIAGE
CLUTCHED TO THE
BROODER OF HELL'S
DESIRE, THOSE
ACHING FROM THE
PAIN OF REFORMA-
TION BRISTLE WITH THE
SWEET TEXTURES OF
DARK PLEASURE.

AND REASONS
TO BE FREE.

A
MINUTE.
JUST A
MINUTE.

SKETCH!
SKETCH!

MONEY,
IS THAT
YOU?

HELLO?

John Roman
writer
Mark Texeira
with
Jimmy Palmiotti
artists
Phil Fels
letters

HOME COMING



GODDAMN!
I'M HOME!

GET
OUT!







LONG
TIME NO
SEE WHAT
HAS IT BEEN
EIGHTEEN
YEARS?

YOU
WHY ARE
YOU
HERE? YOU
HAVE NO
RIGHT



I GETTHER
MY BOOKS WITH
YOU ALREADY--
A LONG TIME
AGO!

APPARENTLY YOU HAVEN'T
SETTLED THINGS WITH HIM
OKE, MAYBE HE JUST MISSED
YOU I'M SURE HE HAS A
LOT NEED LIKE TO TELL
YOU AGAIN--OF THE
GIFTS WE'VE GIVEN
HIM IN YOUR
STEAD.

GIFTS
WHICH YOU
ASKED FOR
BUT WERE SO
WILLING TO
SURRENDER
TO HIM

PERHAPS
HE WAS
ANNOYED TO
KNOW HOW THE
BEAUTIFUL
CONSEQUENCES
OF YOUR
DEMANDS



WHY
WAS HE
WHEN



WHATEVER THE CASE, MY NORMALLY
WELL-DISCIPLINED PET WAS VERY INTENT
ON FINISHING HIS WAY HOME. TO NOW,
THE BROTHER HE LOVED MORE
THAN ANYTHING...

THE BROTHER
WHO LEFT HIM TO OUR
TANKER HEROES

GOING
SHAKE!!!



I CAN CERTAINLY
APPRECIATE HIS
CONSCIOUS CHOICE TO
SHAKE HIS LEFT WITH
YOU BUT DISCIPLINE
IS ESPECIALLY
IMPORTANT, WHERE
WE COME FROM.

I'M AHEAD
YOUR FORWARD
SAILING IS GOING
TO HAVE TO GO
THROUGH MORE
DETERMINING
WHEN WE GET
HOME.



AND OF
COURSE I
WILL HAVE TO
JUSTIFY THE
EXPENSE OF
MAKING THIS
LONG TRIP.

SO MY
PET AND
I WON'T
BE GOING
BACK
ALONE



OH GOD, PLEASE DON'T
MAKE ME GO AWAY WITH
YOU! I DON'T WANT TO
END UP LIKE HIM! I
DON'T WANT
TO GO!

I'VE
CHANGED IN A DIFFERENT
MAN NOW I
HAVE A WIFE
AND SON.
FOR GOD'S
SAKE

BUT IF YOU
STILL FEEL
UNWORTHY, I
SUPPOSE I
COULD OFFER
YOU THE SAME
DEAL AS
BENJAMIN. IF
YOU'LL LIKE

BENJAMIN
COMES HERE
I HAVE
SURPRISES
FOR YOU.

YES
YES PLEASE
I HAVE
A SON.

BUT YOU
SPEAK AS THOUGH
I WERE GOING TO
KILL YOU OR SOME-
THING! I PROMISE YOU,
DEATH IS THE LAST
THING WE WOULD
OFFER - OUR OFFER
ARE WRAPPED ON
THE DEAD

I PROMISE
YOU'LL NEVER
REACH
DEATH

FORGIVE
ME,
PAPA





HELL

I'M AFRAID THIS ONE WON'T DO. NOW, ADAM, DEATH MAKES HIM LONGER TO US

SO IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE YOU AND ME AFTER ALL

NO, YOU OFFERED TO TAKE HIM HERE. ADAM THE ONE YOU WANTED NOT ME! TAKE HIM, HE'S MINE



SORRY ADAM, BUT YOU KNOW OUR POLICY ON DAMAGED ASSASSINATIONS. WE LIKE THEM TO COME BACK WITH US BLOODING AND SCREAMING

CAN YOU KICK, ADAM? I KNOW YOU CAN SCREAM

PLEASE, I'LL DO ANYTHING. MY HOME WILL BE HOME SOON. TAKE ME



ANOTHER TIME, PERHAPS COME, ADAM, IT'S TIME TO GO. TIME TO HEAR YOU SCREAM

TIME TO GO, ADAM

END





FOOTSTEPS ON THE ICE
WALK-- LIGHT ON STEP
LIGHT ON HEART



AND HE
WANTS TO BE
SO GLAD TO
SEE THEM



AND THERE UP
REVER-- YOU WANT
FOR HIM TO BE GLAD
TO SEE YOU TOO



HER NAME IS LISA ANN
HURCE, AND SHE IS TWENTY-
TWO NEARLY TO A MOMENT'S
RELIEF IN THE GLOOMING
OF LIFE IN HAROLD HURCE
IN SECOND CHANCE



IGNORING THE DEATH SONG
OF THE WINTER WIND--



LOOK A BROKEN
SHEET WITH A
POSSIBLE NAME



PEOPLE CALL IT SOMETHING
ELSE-- SOMETHING NOT TO
BE FOUND ON THE STREET MAP
FOR THIS PART OF CHICAGO

THEY CALL IT HELL STREET



U-LEFT



HE'S GONE
PROBABLE--

CALL THE POLICE
AND I WANT TO
MAKE A STATEMENT
ABOUT THIS TO THE
NEWS MEDIA



THE DEVILS BRIGADE PART 3 THE HAVEN ON HELL STREET

"GO TO GRACE LUTHER, AND THE
HOME WHERE YOU BELONG."

LEO SNARLED, BUT GRACE
WENT TO GOAT AND LOOKED
THAT WAY FOR DEATH IN
AN EYE--

"A BULDOZER WITH THE WIND FOR
A DRIVER, AND WITH NO ONE TO
FOURISH FOR THE LOSS OF
ANOTHER OF THE OTHER LEGION
OF THE HELL, & A--

THE POLICE DO THEIR JOB, IT'S A
FORTUNE, DREAM UP AND LEO, BEING
RESPECTABLE FOR SOMETHING ON
WARRANT IN HIS LIFE



"WELL, LEO, I--"

"LEO, I--
YOU LOOK DID
BETTER?"

"I FEEL IT'S BEEN
SO LONG, I WOULD
HAVE BLAMED YOU IF
YOU HADN'T EVER COME
BACK THE WAY I'D
BEEN BEHAVING--"



"I HAVE
SOME NEWS
GOOD NEWS,
LEO"

"BUT THIS
ISN'T A GOOD
TIME TO TELL
YOU"

"THERE'S NEVER
A GOOD TIME--
NOT HERE--NOT
ON HELL STREET"

Ron Wills
writer
John Van Fleet
artist
James Munk
letterer

THE STREET HAVEN

THAT BAY-- THAT SWEET
LOST MAN-- LUTHER

HE RIDES TO DEATH
SO HE'S AWAY FROM
THE DOOR TO THE STREET
HAVEN. I HOPE SO
BECAUSE I DON'T
WANT TO BOTHER
ANYBODY

WE CAN'T TALK OUT
HERE LEO THE REPORT-
ERS-- ALWAYS THE NEWS
REPORTERS-- LEO THEY'RE
LISTENING...

PLEASE!
GIVE ME JUST A
MINUTE ALONE
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK

THE STREET
HAVEN

I'M LEO BASHLEY, I'M
THE DIRECTOR OF THE
STREET HAVEN I NEED
YOUR HELP

YES!
STOP DOWN
STOP DOWN

I WANT PEOPLE TO
KNOW WHAT HAPPENED
HERE-- WHAT IT MEANS TO
BE HOMELESS, TERRIBLE
HOMELESS

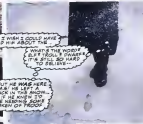
YES I WANTED WAS TO
BUILD A SHELTER TO SAVE
THE HOMELESS

THE STREET HAVEN
I DESIGNED OF THIS PLACE
FOR SO LONG IT'S BECOME
A PART OF ME--

AFTER THE
BEST PART AND YOU
CAN'T RISK LETTING
GO OF IT, NO MATTER
HOW MUCH
IT HURTS

I KNOW I
FEEL THE SAME
WAY ABOUT THE
THEATER







BUT EVEN AS SHE WATCHES, THE
CHISEL-BEED FOOTPRINT IS
OBLITERATED BY THE BLOWING
SNOW OF DEATH-DEALING
WINTER.



AND SHE IS LEFT TO PROVE
THE FLAMMING EXISTENCE
BY THE CLARITY OF HER OWN
MEMORY.

A MEMORY OF THE FIRST SIGHT OF
HIM--NOT MUCH OVER FOUR FEET
HIGH, STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.

PLEASE ALLOW
ME TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF. I'M
MERCEDES. I AM BLAS
TRIMBLE.



EVERYONE
THEY

AND WHEN I PHONED TO
ARRANGE THIS MEETING, I
SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU
SOMETHING MORE ABOUT
MYSELF BY
APPEARANCE--



--BUT, YOU SEE, I HAVE
ALWAYS DEPENDS ON MY
KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD, EYED
STRANGERS.

YOU HAVE
A PRETTY
SMILE.



AND YES, I KNOW
OF YOUR TENDENCY
FOR THE WORKS OF
TENNESSEE
WILLIAMS--

AND MOST OF ALL
FOR THE BOOK
HARD, WAITING FOR
THE STAGE.



YOU'VE GOT THAT
THE A BROWN FIST
BUT YOU
ALSO GOT THAT THE
A WORK OF
BRILLIANCE



GARLSON ELLIOTT
"THE HEART OF
ELEGANCE"

...with final
corrections... the
ORIGINAL
MANUSCRIPT

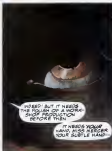


IT'S THE ONLY
MANUSCRIPT, AS
UNIQUE AS THE
AUTHOR'S SOUL
REPRESENTATIVE



I READ THE NEW
HOMER TOWER INTER-
VIEW WITH HIM, JUST
BEFORE HE DIED.

HE TALKED ABOUT
WRITING THIS... TO BE
PERFORMED AT THE
KENNEDY CENTER.



NEED! BUT IT NEEDS
THE TOUCH OF A WORK-
SHOP PRODUCTION
BEFORE THEN

IT NEEDS YOUR
HAND, AND BECAUSE
YOUR SOUL'S HAND



YOUR
LOVELY
HAND





AND IN AFRICA--
CONTAINED PRESSURE
FOR AN END TO APART-
HEID, AND FOR THE
OVERTHROW OF WHITE
LEADER MICHAEL
MCCOY.



THERE WAS A TIME I
THOUGHT I COULD SAVE
THE WORLD. I KNEW

I BELIEVED IN
THE STRENGTH OF
A DREAM--



HAD A GREAT AUNT USED TO
TELL ME--SHE SAID "A DREAM
WILL FIND A MAN."

YES IT?

ALL I KNOW IS
I'D BETTER STOP BEING
ABLE TO MAKE A LITTLE
PART OF THIS NEIGHBOR-
HOOD, ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER.

ANOTHER NIGHT TO
EASE FINDER, ANOTHER
PARCH, ANOTHER HUN-
GER STRIKE, I'VE GOT
NONE LEFT. BACK-
I'VE GOT THE
STRENGTH FOR IT.



BUT MORE AND
MORE, I HAVE THIS
FEEL--

--THAT I CAN'T
EVEN SAVE
MYSELF.



YEAH, WELL...SELF-REDEMPTION'S
ALWAYS BEEN THE HARD PART.

IT TAKES ALL
YOU'VE GOT, PAL,
AND IT TAKES ALL
THE HELP YOU
CAN FIND.



"TELL YOU THIS MUCH, LEO. IF I
OVER OF A GOOD WOMAN WHO
IS GLAD TO HEAR FROM ME--I'D
BE HAPPY STRAIGHT DIALING THE
PHONE."



AND THE MONSTER HAD A VOICE
WORST OF ALL--HE HAD A
REASONABLE VOICE.

TRAINED FOR THE STAGE, THIS
VOICE A DIRECTOR'S DREAM.

SHE MIGHT CAST HIM AS
BAYLOCK, OR AS ZAGO.

DROP THE PHONE.

DON'T
DONT NO.

DROP THE PHONE
AND WE'LL SEE JUST
HOW MUCH HE KNOWS
ABOUT YOU.

LISA JAMT
LISA?

HANG ON
I'LL BE
THERE...

THE PLAYS
THE THING
YES?

AND IT'S
BEEN SUCH A
PUZZLE.

WOULD YOU
LIKE TO MEET THE
AUTHOR?

I COULD ARRANGE IT
AS A REWARD...

I'VE COME AT YOUR
CALLING. THE PUZZLE
WAS SOLVED.

ALL IT NEEDED
WAS YOUR HAND. YOUR
LOVELY HAND. DOES
IT Hurt Much?

THE PAGES--
CLEANER? AND SUCH
RESONANT PROSE.

ALLOW
US TO READ AN
APPROPRIATE
PAGES--

WITH THESE WORDS,
WITH THESE PAGES I GIVE
YOU MY LIFE'S BLOOD-- I
GIVE YOU MY HEART.

EXIT CURTAIN ACT TWO, WITH A CHANGE OF COSTUME

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN A BIT TOO PRINCE A TOUCH TOO NERVOUS FOR THE ROLE OF THE ROMANTIC HEROINE

BLUE ISLAND COMMUNITY

THERE'LL BE SOME NEW BLOCKING TO LEARN BEFORE THE LEADING MAN'S ARRIVAL

SHE CAN FEEL HERSELF MOVE TO THE WRONG DIRECTION BUT SHE IS SHUT AWAY, SOMEWHERE INSIDE HERSELF

SHUT AWAY... TO FIGHT AGAINST THE GIFT OF AN UNKNOWN UNKNOWN DANCE

SHUT AWAY... AND THERE TO REALIZE THAT SHE IS ONLY A BIT PLAYER IN A THEATER OF CLOUTIER THAT CENTERS ON LED, FOR REASONS SHE CANNOT RATIONALLY

LEAVING "THE HEART OF BLUE ISLAND" TO BE RECLAIMED BY ITS RIGHTFUL GUARDIAN

SHHH!
HHNNNN!

RIIP

HHNN!

COULD PAPER SCREAM AT BEING TORN?

YOUR HEARS BANG KNOCK

IN THESE WORDS, WITH THESE PAGES I GIVE YOU MY LIFE'S BLOOD







LOSING HERSELF IN THE PART

SHE'S
ALREADY
BEEN
DROPPED

SHE LAUGHED WHEN
THE FILM'S DIRECTOR
STEVE SODERBERGH
WANTED HER TO TAKE
PREGNANT SCREENING.

A HOMELESS FILM? "SHE
THOUGHT SODERBERGH COULD
REPRESENT THE DIGNITY OF
ANY SERIOUS ACTRESS.
CERTAINLY WORTH THE
ATTENTION OF JARVIS
BAKE. THE GREATEST
FILM ACTRESS OF OUR
DAY.

AND NET...

SHE'S READ THE glowing reviews
OF SODERBERGH'S LAST FIVE FILMS.
THE BAYON FIGHT SAGA, CUBES,
THREE DECE IN THE SUNSET THREE
PEOPLE ARE SAYING THAT SODERBERGH
IS A GOOD MAN. TRANSLATED ITS
MEANS THAT SHE'S A
POWER ON THE SCENE OF A NEW
KIND OF FILM ARTISTRY.

SODERBERGH SAYS HE WON'T
NEEDS HER FOR HIS NEXT
FILM. HE SAYS THAT NO
OTHER ACTRESS CAN PLAY
THE ROLE.

AND SHE HAD SODERBERGH'S
FILM, AND THE PROSPECT OF
WORKING ON HIS NEXT ONE...
INTERVIEW

SHE DOESN'T MIND
ADMITTING IT. SHE'S
ATTRACTED TO
SODERBERGH.

SHE HAS TO GOVT
IT. SHE IS ATTRACTED
TO THE PROJECT.

SHE'S JUST
BE DROPPED...

Doug Mance
plot
Dwyer McDuffie
script
Gary Morris
artist
Tom Vincent
color artist
Bill Oakley
letters

HER REVENUE IS BROKEN. THE
FILM'S BUDGET WON'T BE DEEP
TANCE IS DRAWN IN DEEPER
HERSELF. SHE RELATES WITH AN
AUCIBLE GAZE...

THERE'S THAT BOY AGAIN, THE
CENTRAL IMAGE OF ALL OF HIS-
DAVID'S FILMS. THE PHYSICAL
MANIFESTATION OF DESIRE, OB-
SESSION, CONVICTION. BUT
THERE ARE AS MANY INTERPRE-
TATIONS OF ITS MEANING AS
THERE ARE VERSIONS OF THE FILM.



ALL INTERPRETATIONS
ARE VALID. ALL ARE
POWERFULLY FELT.



THE AUDIENCE FEELS THE
CHARACTER'S CONSENT
AS IF IT WERE THEIR OWN
WHEN SHE DIES AT THE
MOVIE'S CONCLUSION.
SOMETHING OUR HEARTS
OF THEM ALL.

JANICE IS BARE. THE PER-
FORMANCE THAT BRINGS HER
OUT OF HIS LEAD. ANY
SIDE OF ALL PEOPLE SHE'S
NOT MUCH MORE THAN A
MODEL. WHAT COULD STEVEN
DO WITH JANICE'S

STEVEN AND JANICE
EMERGE BRIEFLY
AT THE FILM'S END
AS REVEALS FROM
HIS AUDIENCE'S
APPLAUSE.

HE LOOKED HIM.
SMILED HIM IN
FROM THEM OVER.



A ROOM FULL OF JACED
FILM REVIEWERS. AND
THEY'RE CHEERING LIKE
THE HOME TEAM THAT
JUST WON THE PERMANENT



HE ACCEPTS THE
APPLAUSE AS HIS
DUE. BUT THE ROOM
IS ALREADY BORN.

HE'S READY
FOR HIS NEXT
CONQUEST

TELL ME
YOU LOVED IT,
JANICE

BEHOLD MY NEW
FILM - JANICE WITH
YOU STARRING.
IT WOULD BE MY
MASTERPIECE

YES, YOU DID, YOU'RE
THE ONLY WOMAN NOW
THIS BOSS. YOUR ENTIRE
CAREER HAS BEEN
A TRIUMPH OF
REVELATION

I DIDN'T
HATE IT, THERE'S
SOMETHING
THERE, BECAUSE
IF I KNOW
WHAT

I
DON'T
KNOW...

BUT WHEN I LOOK
AT YOU, I SEE DEPTHS
UNLIMBED, THERE'S
STILL SOMETHING INSIDE
OF YOU THAT YOU'RE
NOT TO REVEAL -

STEVEN - AND JANICE
SAID I WAS SIGNING
HER UP FOR THE NEW
FILM?

I'M TRYING
ANY. LOOKS
LIKE WE'VE
GOT A HIT.
ARE YOU
READY FOR
THE
PUBLICITY
TOUR?

YES, I AM. THE
SHOOT WAS SO
ROUGH, I ALMOST
CONSIDERED THE TOUR
THE ONE FOR GOOD
BEHAVIOR

DON'T WORRY,
WITTY? SHE'LL
BE GREAT ON
CAMERA

I'LL CATCH
UP WITH YOU
SOME LATER. I'VE
GOT AN ACTRESS
TO ENTICE





MR. YOU HAVE. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT MY FILMS ARE ALL ABOUT. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT AUDIENCES ARE RESPONDING TO. WHAT YOU'RE RESPONDING TO.

WE SUPPOSE ANIMATION. WE ONLY LET OURSELVES FEEL A FRACTION OF OUR CAPACITY. THE JOSEPHSON, THE MAN IS TELLING YOU, YOU JUST HAVE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH IT.

NOW DO I DO THAT? YOU WANT TO TIE ME UP AND SLAP ME AROUND?

MAYBE LATER. BUT HEADS SUGGEST PLEASURE.



THERE'S SOMETHING I'D BE DOING WITH ALL OF MY ACTIONS. I'D LIKE TO TRY IT WITH YOU.

MAYBE LATER. BUT HEADS SUGGEST PLEASURE.



I'LL KEEP MY CALENDAR OPEN WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO NOW AND TO TRY A LITTLE. ACTING WORKS.

THIS IS A LEONARDO PUZZLE BOX. YOU'VE SEEN THEM IN MY FILMS.

IT CAN BE SHAPED INTO ALL SORTS OF DIFFERENT SHAPES. EACH SHAPE HAS A NAME.



AND IN YOUR FILMS, EACH SHAPE REPRESENTS SOME EMOTIONAL STATE.

RIGHT. I WANT YOU TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE. GET IT TO MATCH THE SHAPE IT WAS IN AT THE END OF THE FILM. THAT'S CALLED THE SHAPE OF PAIN.

WHAT'S
THE
POINT?

THE POINT IS THAT
YOU'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE
DEEPLY - BOTH ON THE
PUZZLE, AND ON THE EMOTIONAL
STATE IT REPRESENTS.
BY THE TIME YOU'RE SOLVED
IT, YOU'LL BEATRIZED FULLY
WITH YOUR CHARACTER. I
PROMISE YOU.

I WANT TO
KNOW YOU, THOUGH
THIS MEANT A GAME
THAT A POWERFUL AND
EFFECTIVE ACTING
TOOL, AND IT WILL
ALTER YOUR PER-
CEPTIONS RADICALLY.

I DON'T WANT
YOU TO TURN DOWN
THE PART UNTIL YOU
TRY THIS, BUT IF IT
BECOMES TOO IN-
TENSE, PROMISE
ME YOU'LL STOP.

OH, SAVE THE PITCH
ANYWAY. YOU'VE MISSED
ME. I'M GOING TO GIVE
IT A TRY. I'LL CALL
YOU SOON.

THE SHAPE
OF RAIN
DANCED.

YOU BITCH.

I'LL MAKE
SOMEONE FOR
YOU VERY SOON -
THAT'S RIGHT.
THE STICKED
ONE.

AT THE MOMENTS OF ATTACKING THE
RUGGED JAWEDS ALTHOUGH AID
GIVEN THE BOX IS ABSOLUTELY
ALONGSIDE AND MOVED LATER
AND A SENSE AFFECTION TO SOLVE IT

HEY, NOW
WE'RE GETTING
SOMEWHERE. THE
BOX OBVIOUSLY
HIDES UNDER
HE!!



EDGE
IS LIKE A
BARREL / 2
THAT DEEP
ENOUGH TO
AID
STITCHES?



WHEN THIS IS
SUPPORTED TO BE
SOME KIND OF LANE
SENSE - REPORT...

ALTHOUGH I
EXACTLY DON'T THINK
THE KEY TO THE CHAIR
AFTER IS UNDERSTAND
ING NOW BEING REACT
TO AN 'OWIE

SHHRAK



بندج ٢٠٢٧

--SHEARING

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW I GOT HERE? I THINK I DROPPED ONE



WELL THIS MUST BE SOME KIND OF LUCID DREAM

NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME! MAKE UP YOUR MIND! MAKE YOURSELF...



--UP?

SHE'D BARELY CLENSED THE SLEEP FROM HER EYES WHEN SHE AGAIN PICKED UP THE BOY

WIDE GAZE?

ALIVE?!

I'M A BIG FAN OF YOURS, BUT I TROUBLE YOU FOR AN AUTOGRAPH?



A FEW DAYS LATER OUTSIDE TAUCE'S APARTMENT



HEY, IS THERE? DO YOU EVER SLEEP?



ISN'T IT ME?



PERHAPS BECAUSE
YOU ARE OVERSEEN.

WHAT ELSE WERE
YOU TRYING TO
REPAIR NOT I'VE
FORGOTTEN.

STEVEN...?

THE EXECUTIVE
DANCE REVENUES?
YOU SAID THE CHAR-
ACTER WAS DRIVEN
BY OBSESSION
AND HEN!

AAAAHHH!

YOU'RE
DRY-TONGUE,
JANICE. TRY
AND CONCENT-
RATE.

OH, GOD...





O'ROSC,
JANICE, THE
CREW, GIVE
ME A GOOD
TENSION.

NOT DOING IT FOR
ME THERE, JANICE...
BOTH I'VE HAD BRING
HER A LITTLE
AGITATION?

WAKE UP
WAKE UP
WAKE UP
WAKE UP
WAKE UP

THANKS
I WANT THIS
TO BE THE
PERFORMANCE
OF A LIFE-
TIME.

SHE TRIES TO APPEAL HER
DREAM BY SAYING
IT'S ANOTHER DREAM.

BUT DENIES HERSELF, SHE
REACTS WITH AN AUDIBLE
GASP, AND THEN SHE SCREAMS.

A SCREAM THAT ECHOES MONTHS LATER AT THE WORLD PREMIERE OF STEVEN SEAGAL'S NEWEST FILM, "THE GUARD OF MEN."



HE'S OUTDOING HIMSELF THIS TIME THE AUDIENCE IS STUNNED AND SO IS THE STARLET WHO'S BLINDING HIM



TELL ME YOU LOVED IT, MARE.

I DID! YOU'RE A GENIUS - THEY'RE ALREADY TALKING ABOUT ANOTHER SOCIAL FOR JAMES!



I'D DO ANYTHING FOR A ROLE LIKE THAT

HOW VERY INTERESTING! NO! THAT THOUGHT, I WOULD NOT! THERE'S JAMES AND GEORGE!

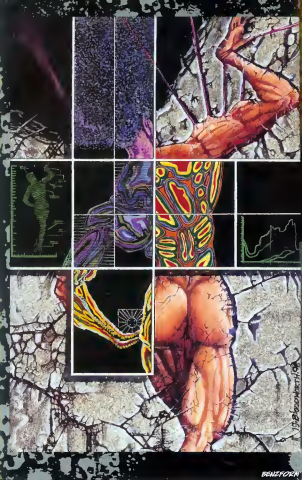


YOU KIDDING? SHE'S SMOOTHER AT THE BIT!

JAMES! GEORGE! HELLO FOR THE PUBLICITY TOUR!



THAT'S TERRIFIC! I'LL CATCH UP TO YOU GUYS LATER DRAFT? I'VE GOT AN ACTRESS TO SIGN UP!



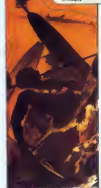
"THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS
AGAINST TEN THOUSAND FULL BRACKETS
WHEN IT WAS OVER, THE SOVIET ARMY
THREW THOUSANDS OF THEM LAY DEAD AND
LOST ONLY THREE

IT WAS A MIRACLE

"YOU ARE ALL MARTIN, THE DIFFERENCE
BEHAVES AND GIVE HIM TOGETHER THAT
DAY THAT GIVE GIVE HIM THE LIVES

"IS THAT WHAT YOU
BELIEVE, AMERICAN
CONSCIENCE?"

"IT WAS THE DEATHS AND IT WAS THE
A THING THAT OF THEM, OF COURSE
NOT, BUT MY OWNERS, AMERICANS
WITH THEM, THE MARTIN
THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT
THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT
THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT
THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT THAT



"I HEARD THE STORY OF
THEY FIGHT, SOMETIMES
I THINK I WAS THERE
MYSELF"

INSIDE THE LAAGER

THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE PART 2

Larry Wachowski
writer
Joe Burman
artist
John Cusack
director

PETER SCHULMAN, THE MARGINAL OF THE INTERIOR OF IDEALISM WAS A MEMBER, CONSIDERED TO BE HOLDING A DELICATE LINE BETWEEN THE CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL PARTS OF SOCIETY.

HE WAS ALSO CONSIDERED TO BE THE CLOSER TO THE BAR OF THE PRIME MINISTER, MEMBER OF SOCIETY.

ALL THE QUESTIONS I HAD WERE NOT HAD BEEN ANSWERED IN MY JAIL FOR WEEKS.

ARE YOU STILL FIGHTING THE BATTLE OF BLOOD RIVER, MINISTER SCHULMAN? IS THAT HOW ONE MUST SPEAK, APPATHED?

ANY, YES, APPATHED ARE AMERICANS EVER INTERESTED IN ANYTHING ELSE? OUR CULTURE? OUR INDUSTRIAL AND TECHNOLOGICAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS?

WOULD YOU PLEASE? I ASKED YOU ABOUT THOSE THINGS?

I SUPPOSE IF I WERE YOU, I SURE WOULDN'T LIKE TALKING ABOUT APPATHED.

ARE YOU AMERICANS SO PROUD OF YOUR ACCOMPLISHMENTS THAT YOU FORGET YOUR OWN PART?

LISTEN, MR. MINISTER, I AM NOT CARRYING THE BIRD STONE. I DON'T COME HERE TO JUDGE YOU. I'M HERE AS A REPORTER, TRYING TO UNDERSTAND HOW AN ADVANCED COUNTRY, A FREE-PRINCE-CIVILIZED COUNTRY, CAN ACCEPT SOMETHING AS INHUMAN AS APPATHED.

IF APPATHED IS SO INHUMAN, MR. MINISTER, WHY ARE SO MANY NATIVE AMERICANS STILL LIVING ON RESERVATIONS?







WHEN THE UNIVERSITY OFFERED ME THIS ROOM TO USE AS AN OFFICE, I TOLD THEM "NOT AGAIN. THIS ROOM IS FOR THE STUDENTS." ONE OF THE PROFESSORS, AN AFRICAN MAN, LAUGHED. "WHAT STUDENTS?"

THE YEAR I WENT TO PRISON, THESE ROOMS WERE STILL FULL.



TODAY 80% OF THE YOUTH OF MY PEOPLE CANNOT READ A SINGLE PAGE IN ANY OF THESE BOOKS. 80% CANNOT WRITE THEIR OWN NAMES.

YOU CAME HERE TO SPEAK WITH ME BECAUSE I AM CONSIDERED ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE AFRICAN MOVEMENT.

I AM SORRY MR. KUTLER, BUT YOU ARE WASTING YOUR TIME. THE MOVEMENT I LEAD CALLED A LONG TIME AGO.



"I HAD ALREADY BEEN DISCIPLINED SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE. I HAD READ AND BELIEVED IN THE TEACHINGS OF GANDHI. MY BEHAVIOR INCLUDED MY MOVEMENT BEGAN WITH A SENSE OF JUSTICE, HONOR AND AN OPEN SPIRIT."

"WE WERE NOT HAPPY FOR THE DISAPPEARANCE OF OUR CONSTITUTION."



"WE WERE NOT SOLDIERS, WE DID NOT WANT A GUN."



"ON THE DAY WE HAD HELP TO OUR DELIVERANCE, OUR MOVEMENTS."

"BUT ALL WE HAD REALLY DONE WAS LEAVE A MESSAGE AND BELIEVE THAT WE COULD CONTRIBUTE TO OUR COUNTRY."

ARE YOU SAYING THAT
YOU ADVOCATE
VIOLENCE NOW?

NO. I AM SAYING THAT A
NEW GENERATION, BORN UNDER
APARTHEID, IS FIGHTING THE ONLY
WAR THEY HAVE LEARNED HOW.

"I AM TRYING TO TELL YOU ONE THING, THAT
YOUR MOVEMENT HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH
ME. IF YOU WANT TO UNDERSTAND IT, YOU
MUST GO TO THE BLACK MOVEMENT."

"YOU MUST TALK TO THE COMRADES
WITH IN THEIR MOVEMENT THEIR HEART."

"BUT THEY'VE LISTENED TO YOU. THEY RESPECT
YOU. CAN'T YOU MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND THAT
THEIR VIOLENCE IS UNDERMINING THE REFORMS,
FORCING DECISIONS AND A DIFFICULT POSITION--"

THEN YOU BELIEVE THAT
WAR IS COMING?

UNDERSTANDING THAT THESE
YOUNG AFRICANS HAVE NOTHING,
NO HOME, NO EDUCATION, COTTON
NO FAMILY, WHAT LIFE IS THERE
FOR THEM IN THE FUTURE?

THESE REFORMS, IF PECUNIARY HAS THE
STRENGTH TO STAND BY THEM, ARE NOT
FOR THE COMRADES, THEY ARE FOR THE
GENERATION THAT MUST SURVIVE THEM.

"INTO A CHAOS?" NO IT IS TOO LATE. THE
GOVERNMENT HAS ITS CHANCE TO TALK. I WAS
THAT CHANCE. NOW THEY MUST DEAL WITH THEIR
CHILDREN. THE CHILDREN OF APARTHEID WHO
THEY MARGINALIZED. THEY DON'T TO TALK BUT TO
USE A FIST OR A CLUB, OR A GUN."

ALL THAT WE CAN HOPE IS
THAT ONCE THE WAR BEGINS, IT
IS OVER QUICKLY AND THAT SOME-
HOW THE BLOOD, THE VIOLENCE
WILL BE CATHARTIC, AND WE
WILL MOVE ON.

ALL WE CAN DO IS PRAY THAT
ONE DAY SOON THIS ROOM
IN U. JAHN BE FULL.



I need a
drink



WELL, WELL, MR. NIGHTY
AMERICAN. FIND SOME CRYING
WOMEN. KISS A BOY TO THE
SOME PICTURES OF IT

ALAN WAGNER, A CORRUPTED
FED NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY
AND GROOMED THE FIVE MILLION
ON WHAT WERE WERE "GAY"
LIES. "A NEW MILITARY BRANCH
AND ALL THE BLACK MEMBERS



YOU DON'T LIKE THE WORLD FREE-
DO YOU MUST BUNCH OF
FOREIGNERS WRITING YOU-

BUNCH OF
GODDAM
CHRISTIES!

WHY DON'T YOU GO
HOME AND TAKE
SOME PICTURES OF
THE JUNKIES
WALKING YOUR
STREETS

WE DON'T HAVE A
CRIM PROBLEM HERE
BUT WE'RE OVER THERE
SCREAMING TO THE
POLICE. "LOOK! LOOK
EVERYONE! - AND HERE
A SCREWUP OF BUNCH
AND HERE IS -"



YOU KNOW, ALAN, YOU'RE
RIGHT. I'VE BEEN A FOREIGNER
FOR 27 YEARS AND I'M THE
FIRST TO SPOT IT. AMERICA
IS SCREWED UP

SO DID IT EVER OCCUR
TO YOU THAT MAYBE
WE'RE NOT HERE TO
HURRIE, YOU MAYBE
WE'RE HERE TO LEARN
SOMETHING



YOU AREN'T LEARNING
NOTHING. TAKING PICTURES
OF SOME CRYING WOMEN

ALL YOU AND THE
REST OF YOU
FOREIGNERS
DO IS MAKE THINGS
WORSE

YOU KEEP ADDING
HEAT TO A BOLLING
POT, PRETTY SOON
THAT POT'S A BOILING
BOIL OVER



HOW NOT IN IT,
ALAN? HOW LONG
TILL IT BOWLS
OVER?

WHY YOU WANT TO
KNOW ABOUT HOW YOU
GET DRIVING IN ONE OF
THE TOWNSHIP AT
NIGHT

THEN THE THESE
TELEPHONES, COME THEN
REAL WELL, AND WHEN
ONE OF OUR CRUISERS
CRASHES IN ONE THEY
HIT IT WITH FIVE OR SIX
FIVE BOMBS

BURNING A BUNCH OF BOMB
SO BAD ALL THE BURNED
WAS SOME CRASHED
BOMBS



DID YOU CATCH
THE ONE WHO
DID IT?



OH YEAH, WE GOT
A COUPLE OF
THEM.



SEE, THE PROBLEM
ISN'T THAT SOMEONE
DID WHAT LITTLE
BROODER. HE IS JUST
NOT INTERESTED IN HIS
BULLS.



YOU DON'T WANT THE
RECORDS, DO YOU
KLARKE?

YOU WON'T CATCH ME
SAYING ONE WORD ON THE
OTHER. I KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO THOSE
DEMONSTRATORS.

NOW I'M GONNA
ASK YOU JUST
ONE MORE TIME—

ALL YOU GONNA DO IS
TALK A LITTLE.

I WILL SAY THIS THOUGH
LAST YEAR, GOVERNMENT SPENT
ALL THIS MONEY, MY TAX MONEY,
TO BUILD THIS BIG SCHOOL FOR
THE WARREN AND WHAT DID
THEY DO? THEY BURNED IT
DOWN. NOW, HOW COULD
ANYONE EVER EXPECT A WARREN
TO BE RIGHT. IF THEY'RE TOO
DUMB STUPID TO KNOW WHAT'S
GONNA HAPPEN, OWN SOME

I WAS HUMBLED. I HAD BEEN BORN ALL OVER AMERICA BUT YOU HAD TO REMEMBER HOW CLOSE IT IS UP-CLOSE, STANDING YOU IN THE FACE... SMILING



CHUCK, I WANTED TO TELL YOU, SMILE OFF HIS FACE

I WAS THINKING ABOUT RECOGNIZING AGAIN, WONDERING IF HE HAD A BUILT LIKE WASHIER, WHEN THE PHONE RANG

IT WAS JOHN HOLT, THE NEVADIAN REPORTER WHO HAD MET ME AT THE AIRPORT I HAD TOLD HIM RIGHT AWAY I HAD NO INTENTION OF BEING LEO ARDLING LIKE SOME "SUNDAE ASS-HOLE" THEN I HAD TOLD HIM I WANTED TO TALK WITH A COMRADE



I CAN BE THERE IN TWENTY MINUTES

THE COMRADE I WAS GOING TO MEET, WHO CALLED HIMSELF "DEATH," WAS A BUTHLESS MILITANT PROBABLY RESPONSIBLE FOR MOST OF THE "NECKLACES" IN THE AREA



THE "NECKLACE" WAS A BRUTAL METHOD OF EXECUTION USED BY THE COMRADES ON OTHER AMERICANS WHO OPPOSED THEM ON THE CRUISE

THE AIR REEKED OF GARBAGE AND RAW BAYBEE, THIPPED BENEATH A CHOKING CLOUD OF BURNING OIL MY EYES BEGAN TO BURN AND I COULDN'T STOP COUGHING

THE DRIVER POINTED TO THE SHACK AND I GOT OUT ALONE



THE DRIVER, WHO WAS FROM THE "BROTHERHOOD" LAUGHED, "DON'T WORRY YOU GET USED TO IT."



I DIDN'T WANT TO BE AROUND I FIGURED I WOULD CHASE HOME, BUT I WAS WHITE, WHY SHOULD THEY TRUST ME?

WERE MY HANDS SHAKING BECAUSE I TRUSTED THEM?



ONCE INSIDE, I FELT BETTER, UNTIL I SAW THE COMRADE, THE "BUTHLESS MILITANT" I WAS GOING TO INTERVIEW

HE WAS A BOY, NOT THIRTEEN YEARS OLD



"DEATH" WAS ONLY A CHILD



THANK YOU FOR
SEEING ME, I
REALIZE IT IS
DANGEROUS
FOR YOU

I CAN
NOT STAY
LONG

I UNDER-
STAND



YOU ARE
PARENTS.
DO THEY--

MY PARENTS
DIED FIVE YEARS
AGO IN THE
BREAD RIOTS I
SAW THEIR
BODIES BULL-
DOZED INTO A
PIT WITH THE
REST OF THE
DEAD

HER VOICE WAS AS BLUNT, AS LIFE-
LESS, AS HER EXPRESSION. HE SEEMED
DUMB, LIKE A VENTRILLOQUIST DOLL,
AND STOOD STAREING AT HER, UNBLINKING.
HER FACE FROZEN EXCEPT FOR THE
MOVEMENT OF HER MOUTH



THIS AFTERNOON I TALKED
WITH WILLIAM CHARULA AND I
ASKED HIM IF HE THOUGHT THAT
YOU UNDERSTOOD THAT YOUR
VIOLENCE IS MAKING IT DIFFICULT
FOR DEQUARDY TO GAIN THE
SUPPORT HE NEEDS FOR HIS
REFORM POLICIES

THESE REFORMS
MEAN NOTHING THEY
ARE FOR YOU FOR
OTHER GOVERNMENTS
FOR BUSINESSMEN

REAL REFORM WILL COME
WHEN THE AFRICANER NO LONGER
HAS POWER OVER US. BUT HE IS
NOT GOING TO GIVE IT AWAY SO
WE MUST TAKE IT.

BUT WHAT OF THOSE WHO DISAGREE,
WHO BELIEVE THAT STARTING A WAR
WILL ONLY TEAR THE COUNTRY APART
WILL YOU REGALICE ALL OF THEM?



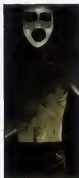
"LAST WHEN WE CALLED A
STRIKE AT A HOME. ONE MAN
CONVINCED TO WORK. WE
RECALICED HIM

"AS HE TOLD HIM, HE
SCREAMED AND CRIED. I
WAS CHILDREN -- I HAD
TO -- THAT MADE ME SO
AND I FRODDED THE
GASOLINE DOWN HIS
THROAT MYSELF



"WE ARE NOT FIGHTING
FOR MORE POWERS
WE ARE FIGHTING TO
BE FREE OF THE WHITE
THING, TO BE FREE OF
THE AFRICANER AND
HIS LAND FOREVER

"THOSE WHO WILL NOT FIGHT
WHO WILL NOT DEFY DEATH
FOR FREEDOM ARE ALREADY
DEAD"



I HAD MADE A MISTAKE. I HAD
THOUGHT THAT TAKING WAS WINNING
BEHIND THE CHILD'S MASK, THAT
HE WAS A LIFELESS SHELL, BUT
BENEATH HIS COLD, BLANK
EXPRESSION THERE WAS A CORE
OF HATE...

THESE WERE WHAT AMATEURS HAD
CREATED. HE HAD SO MANY IT
CARED NOTHING FOR LIFE. CHARULA
HAD BEEN RIGHT. DEQUARDY
WAS A NEW CONCEPTION, A
DIFFERENT KIND OF MOVEMENT
HE NOW FACED "DEATH"



I DIDN'T GO OUT MUCH AFTER THAT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. HADN'T WORKER HAD BEEN RIGHT, THAT I WAS SUPPOSEDLY ABOUT TO A BOILING POT POLAND. I HADN'T, WERE A FISHING BOAT, JUST AND HADN'T TO DO. I DIDN'T KNOW HOW DIFFICULTY COULD BEHOLD IT BECAUSE I DID NOT THINK IT COULD BE DONE

JULY 4TH CAME QUICKLY AND I ARRIVED AS I WAS EXPECTED, WITH MY CAMERA READY TO WITNESS THE LATEST "SIGNIFICANT REACTION"



THE FOUR AFRICANS THAT WERE ALLOWED INTO THE PARK ENTERED THROUGH A TINY HOLE WHERE I HADN'T WORKER AND HIS MEN SEARCHED THEM THEN THEY WERE PRODUCED BEFORE US, BEFORE BEING LED TO THE NEW SET OF STONES WHICH WERE ACROSS THE FIELD FROM THE RESERVED GRASS.



I WONDERED IF PROBABLY BELIEVED HE WAS GOING SOMETHING TO AFRICANS, SAYING SOMETHING IMPORTANT, SOMETHING SACRED, BY ALLOWING A FIVE OF THEM INTO THE PARK TO WATCH SOME HARBORERS



I WONDERED IF IT EVEN MATTERED



IT WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY DARK BEFORE I BEGAN TO NOTICE THEM



I couldn't believe there were thousands of them, completely silent, just staring, waiting. Nobody moved, nobody spoke—just the sound of flags rustling—



...staring, waiting, eyes shifting, some nodding, fingers on phones, over camera buttons, phones held waiting—it couldn't go on—something had to happen, had to give, had to break—



PEOPLE BEGAN TO
CLAMOR "GODDY"
AND "HARRY."



AND THEN I
SAW HIM.



"GODDY."





HE DUMPED THE STONES AND
WAS HALFWAY TO THE RESERVED
STANDS BEFORE THE SCREAMING
STARTED...

BEFORE THE GUNFIRE
FLEW...

BEFORE
SOMETHING FLEW
FROM HIS HAND!



THE LOUD REPEATING CLAP OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE, THE FLASH AND BEAR OF SPREADING FLAME, THE HOWL OF SMOKE AND THE SCREAMS OF PEOPLE BURNING AND BLEEDING, EARTHQUAKE SCREAMS THAT I KNEW WERE MISTAKES, REMAINS FOR SECONDS, BACK TO MY PICTURE BY THE WHITE OF MY CAMERA FLASH



I WAS ON MY FEET, LIKE THE OTHERS, ADAPTED DURING CHASE, CAMERA COVERING MY FACE, WATCHING EVERYTHING THROUGH A VIEWFINDER THAT SAW THINGS OF GREAT MAGNITUDE COLOR.



BUT SLOWLY I BEGAN TO HEAR THIS OTHER SOUND, LIKE A BURNING WIND IN MY EAR, A HOWL, GROWING LOUDER, RISING UP, FILLING THE MARK UNTIL I COULD HEAR NOTHING ELSE

I LOOKED OUT FROM BEHIND MY CAMERA AND I REALIZED IT WAS THEM, THE ARABIAN OUTSIDE, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND BECOMING A SINGLE VOICE, A SINGLE SCREAM

IT WAS CHILLING, A SOUND SO FULL OF FORCE AND POWER IT WAS SILENT

EVERYONE INSIDE THE MARK KNEW WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, NO ONE COULD KEEP IT

FENCES BUCKLED, GATES BURST AND CHARGES ROLLED INTO THE MARK LIKE SOME TORNADOES, BRUSH THAT DRIFTED TO ARABIA



THIS WAS IT, I THOUGHT, THE LARGER, THE GOING AWAY



SWEPT INTO THE MARELATION, I WANTED TO SCREAM WITH THEM, TO EMERGE MY CAMERA, TO HELP SCREAM AND TEAR DOWN THE NEW STATES



BUT SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD I HEARD A VOICE THAT I HADN'T HEARD I EVEN HEARD, REPEATING THE WORDS, "ORDER AND PEACE," AGAIN AND AGAIN

HERE, I THOUGHT WAS SIGNIFICANT APPROXIM, YOU COULD FEEL IT, THE FINGERING FROM AND BLEED OF BIRTH IT WAS UGLY AND TERRIFYING BUT IT WAS HERE, IT WAS HUMAN IT WAS THE KIND OF MIRACLE NEEDED TO SAVE THIS COUNTRY

I SCREAM AND CLAMORED DEADLOCK IN TEARS, AND LISTENING TO THOSE WORDS, THAT VOICE I FELT MY NOSE BEGIN TO BURN AND SEEP AWAY AS I WONDERED IF EVEN A MIRACLE WOULD BE ENOUGH

THE END

RELEASING





AFTERWORD

We received a head in the mail, the other day.

Actually, it was more than a head; a bust, neatly severed just above the shoulders and affixed loosely to a length of board with a white, milk-colored substance whose composition we wouldn't even guess at. The complexion of the face had a similar milky pallor, tinged blue-gray and forming a snare drum tight skin over the skull underneath. About the head, at mathematically precise intervals, were small nails, each 1/16" thick, inserted directly into the skull.

It reminded me of what I'd seen at my last two horror conventions: the recurring nightmarish graven image of the hero **Hellraiser** made famous, the *Vasa Iniquitatus* known affectionately as Pinhead, Leviathan's favored son. There were endless versions of him, from wooden heads lined with rows of carpet tacks, to life-size mannequins dressed in full leather regalia.

Of all these, probably the most impressive was a small, quarter-scale plastic model produced by Screamin' Products, Inc., disturbingly accurate down to the tools hung about his waist, marked with the loving liquids of his often messy work. The same company that has now released models of both the Chatterer Cenobite and a life-size model of the Lament Configuration, has plans for more cenobite re-creations in the works. You might want to check one out at your local comic shop, the next time you're buying your three issues of **Hellraiser** — in just two short months.

And, in case I neglected to mention it, the gift of that morning was also a plastic model, albeit a bit more homemade and personalized by one of our newest **Hellraiser** writers, Jim Moore.

Now, before we allow you exit from this journey through our twisted passageways, we have to pay a quick visit to the Moans department, complaints on the right, mistakes to the left. We confess our first — and last — official faux pas, for last issue. It was brought to our attention by ace letterer and star of photos and video, Michael "El Supremo" Heister that we miscredited last issue's story "The Trainer" to Bill Oakley, when it was, in fact, lettered by El Supremo himself. Our humblest apologies, Mike.

Now go back to your pit, and get to work.

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They say, "All good things to those who wait." But for those impatient souls, we offer Clive Barker's Hell...

Rush to get tickets to a tragedy directed by the Cenobite, Face. Feel your pulse quicken as a demonic pet displays unwholesome affection. Hurry to the audition where an actress loses more than herself in the part. Whisk away a world leader's ideals to find the capering face of atrocity. And join an expedition into the rank legions of the Devil's Brigade.

Well...what are you waiting for?

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